

Sb: ABDICATION?

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To all:

As I look at fifty, breaking over the horizon yonder, I am forced to ponder the events of the last forty or so years, those being the ones of which I have firm memory.

Those of you mathematically inclined understand the effects of a square function, a logarithmic curve approaching infinity. My childhood and adolescence was in the middle fifties to middle sixties. The effects of the follies of the nineteen teen's 1930's were felt, with a secret police which kept files on Americans (FBI), a fearsome though chained beast by which you must walk every day and feed to distract (IRS), and a *you can't fight city hall* attitude- but, then again, you hardly needed to.

You couldn't have automatic weapons or gold, but who in their right mind wants their life savings tied up in inanimate metal, and who can afford ammunition for anything other than a .22, anyway? I reload mine one at a time, and derned if I would want anything that shot two weeks' worth of work in about forty-five seconds. Every forty-five seconds.

I cut grass and bought a shotgun, at a hardware store. Nobody wanted any paper. I could own a pistol, particularly if Dad could be persuaded to go along and smile benignly while the deal was struck, assuring the seller that the teenager knew guns and would shoot responsibly.

You had to have a license and tags to drive, but other licensing was minimal and none of it was particularly intrusive. Taxation was obvious but minimal.

We were still in the flat part of the curve. Today, we are *up* on the curve, way up, and the slope, the day to day increase of applied power by government is increasing. Do we become more and more alienated by this taking of our Liberty, of our country, our resources, our children, and withdraw from the system? Do we shut up and stop voting, much less expressing an opinion to an elected public official? Do we stop asserting our sovereignty? The attitudes of the fifties, work to get ahead and ignore the government, other than to feed it, has become the nineties, where you must work double just to keep a breathing tube, a snorkel, above water.

The kids, dumbed down by school, brainswashed by the tube, are left rudderless as the parents both work, probably divorced under the strain, no stable job and therefore stable roots anyplace, high density living... and taxation at an acknowledged 40%.

Who pays taxes for the corporation that manufactures, ships, and sells you a widget? Why, you do, of course. It is an integral part of the price at every stage of the journey from raw material to end user.

Why does so much go to government? To fulfill the obligations which our government has supposedly done in our names. We have ceded responsibility, and therefore ceded our rights, abdicated as sovereigns, on a million and one items along the way.

We can't stop (them) drinking! became Prohibition. After the predictable warfare over sales territories (Capone and co.), automatic weapons and silencers were outlawed to *protect us.*

Stabilize our currency became the fed reserve. *Save our bacon* became the alphabet soup bureaucracy that grew from the thirties and Roosevelt. *The Great Society* is the horror story of battle zones in the cities and government running without the governors, running to serve

itself. Does anyone remember Viet Nam, and Robert McNamara's (architect of the war) confession of knowing that the whole thing was a mistake, but doing it anyway?

War on the Drugs has become an excuse for the public to accept gangs of blacked out, armored and armed thugs kicking down doors with, if at all, shaky warrants. GUNS are seen as the enemy; juries are not to be trusted (by government-thus Ruby Ridge? Waco?). Parents are threatened with jail for exercising their parental (that is, God given) rights.

If I have a store, which is successful, and it grows to a chain of stores, I need managers for those stores, being unable to occupy multiple coordinates of space at the same time. I probably will need one manager to look after it all, while I go out on my boat, named for the business: *Beans and Bullets.*

If I go to Jamaica on an herb run, come back and find my bank accounts drained, the business gone to rot, and my manager surly and threatening me, what am I to do? After pistol whipping the manager, that is? Call the sheriff and get warrants or whatever, and cure the problem. However, when you find the sheriff sitting behind what was formerly YOUR desk, and the judge is a brother in law of the manager, you begin to get the idea of the situation we are now in.

Government operates by delegated powers. Period. Thus the basis of the common law. If you drag me before the *bar of justice,* you better have a real good reason, an injury or a compelling interest to enter my life in any such fashion.

I can drag you into court if you have damaged me, endangered me, killed me, or otherwise intruded into my life. The authority to right a wrong is the only power which can be delegated. Power (authority) from the individual to government to exercise in his stead. There is no other premise for this Constitutional republic. If I do not possess a right, I

can hardly cede that right to government to exercise.

Perhaps this is the key to the, to me, otherwise unexplainable silence and passivity of the American people. They realize that they have ceded their individual rights to government, and really don't have a leg to stand on. Until government finally comes around and actually does kick the legs out from under them, individually, when they stumble or (Gasp!) get out of line. Then by George, you got a pi***ed off American, eh?

Frankly, I'm hoping that these puddles all over- and I do mean ALL over- the place correspond to the number of beforesaid Americans. How far up us will we let that big dog at the gate lift his leg as we feed him? Must we let him piss in our faces before we get mad enough and use a stun gun on him where it does the most good?

William Michael Kemp

In Liberty,

Mike Kemp